



Lays
of
Lowly Service



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LAYS OF LOWLY SERVICE

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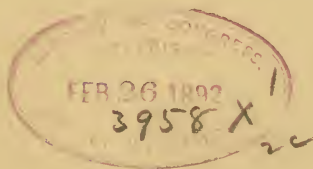
LAYS OF LOWLY SERVICE

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

✓
GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR

AUTHOR OF "OH! TO BE NOTHING!"



NEW YORK

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Our Happy Home.

Oh, happy home, where Jesus dwells !
Where His dear love all care dispels,
Where His sweet presence rules each heart,
Bids pride, pretence, and sloth depart ;
Where storms of passion and self-will
Are quelled before His “ Peace, be still ! ”
Where work is done for His dear sake,
And patience doth contentment make !
Oh, help me, Lord, quite close to stay
Beside Thee all the busy day,
So not by word or deed of mine
To mar this happy home of Thine !

PREFACE.

SOME of the verses collected in this volume may perhaps be already familiar to the reader.

They are now, with additions, gathered together and sent forth in the hope that He who has in the past deigned to comfort and help some of His "little ones" through their instrumentality, may further use them for His glory, as He often does "the weak things of the world."

January, 1892.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
"OH! TO BE NOTHING!"	11
"TELL JESUS,"	14
"SPEAK, LORD, FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH," .	16
REST, ...	18
A HEART MELODY, ...	20
"FOR JESUS' SAKE,"	22
MY HEART'S DESIRE FOR THEE, ...	24
HE GAVE HIMSELF, ...	25
"WELL-PLEASING UNTO GOD,"	26
THE MESSENGER, ...	28
GOD'S CHOSEN THINGS, ...	30
"CLOSER TO THEE,"	32
RUTH; OR, THE SATISFIED SOUL, ...	33
THE OPENING YEAR, ...	34
THE PATH OF FAITH, ...	36
WHAT SEEK YE?	38
OUR WORKING-DAY SONG, ...	40
OUR SUNDAY HYMN, ...	41

	PAGE
THE GARDEN OF THE LORD, ...	42
"FOLLOW ME!"	44
A DAILY DESIRE, ...	46
READY!	48
A NAIL IN A SURE PLACE, ...	50
A WORKER'S DREAM OF THE BORDER LAND, ...	52
ONWARD!	54
WILDERNESS REST, ...	55
HE FAILETH NOT, ...	56
THE HEART'S HUNGER. QUESTION I., ...	58
THE HEART'S HUNGER. QUESTION II., ...	60



LAYS OF LOWLY SERVICE.

“Oh ! to be Nothing !”

Oh ! to be nothing—nothing !
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master’s use made meet !
Emptied that He may fill me,
As forth to His service I go ;
Broken, that so, unhindered,
Through me His life may flow.

Oh ! to be nothing—nothing !
An arrow hid in His hand,
Or a messenger at His gateway,
Waiting for His command ;

Only an instrument, ready
For Him to use at His will ;
And willing, should He not require me,
In patience to wait on Him still.

Oh ! to be nothing—nothing !
Though painful the humbling be,
Though it lay me low in the sight of those
Who are now, perhaps, praising me :
I would rather be nothing, nothing,
That to Him might their voices be raised,
Who alone is the Fountain of blessing,
Who only is meet to be praised.

Yet e'en as my pleading rises,
A voice seems with mine to blend,
And whispers, in loving accents,
“I call thee not ‘servant,’ but ‘friend ;’
Fellow-worker with Me I call thee,
Sharing My sorrow and joy—
Fellow-heir to the glory I have above,
The treasure without alloy.”

Oh ! love so free, so boundless !
Which, lifting me, lays me lower
At the footstool of Jesus, my risen Lord,
To worship and to adore—
Which fills me with deeper longing
To have nothing dividing my heart,
My “all” given up to Jesus,
Not “keeping back a part.”

Thine may I be, Thine only,
Till called by Thee to share
The glorious heavenly mansions
Thou art gone before to prepare;
My heart and soul are yearning
To see Thee face to face,
With unfettered tongue to praise Thee
For such heights and depths of grace.

“Tell Jesus.”

WHEN thou wakest in the morning,
Ere thou tread the untried way
Of the lot that lies before thee
Through the coming busy day ;
Whether sunbeams promise brightness,
Whether dim forebodings fall,
Be thy dawning glad or gloomy,
Go to Jesus—tell Him all !

In the calm of sweet communion
Let thy daily work be done ;
In the peace of soul outpouring
Care be banished, patience won ;
And if earth with its enchantments
Seek thy spirit to enthrall,
Ere thou listen—ere thou answer—
Turn to Jesus—tell Him all !

Then as hour by hour glides by thee,
Thou wilt blessed guidance know,
Thine own burdens being lightened,
Thou canst bear another's woe ;
Thou canst help the weak ones onward,
Thou canst raise up those that fall :
But remember, while thou servest,
Still tell Jesus—tell Him all !

And if weariness creep o'er thee
As the day wears to its close,
Or if sudden fierce temptation
Bring thee face to face with foes :
In thy weakness, in thy peril,
Raise to heaven a trustful call ;
Strength and calm for every crisis
Come—in telling Jesus all.

“ Speak, Lord, for Thy Servant Heareth.”

“ SPEAK, Lord, for Thy servant heareth ! ”

In wisdom, in power, in love,
Oh speak, till this heart that feareth
Is lifted all fear above !
Before I go forth to serve Thee,
Whatever my work may be,
Let words from Thy presence nerve me
To do and to bear for Thee.

“ Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth ! ”

Thy will may the Spirit show,
Till step upon step appeareth
The way Thou wouldst have me go !
And while in the path before me
Thy precepts shall safely guide,
Like the “ bow for a token ” o’er me
Thy promises shall abide.

“ Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth ! ”

Remind, as the hours roll on,
That the shore of eternity neareth,
When time will be over and gone.
Let me each opportunity cherish,
And tell me the words that will reach
Poor souls that are ready to perish,
Sad hearts that seem closed to all speech.

"Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth!"

Through sorrow, and toil, and pain,
No voice like Thine own voice cheereth,

No tones have such sweet refrain;
But tender and calm and healing,

Like dew to the drooping flower,
Thy Word, o'er my spirit stealing,

Shall fill me with holy power.

Rest.

“IT IS IN VAIN FOR YOU TO RISE UP EARLY, TO SIT UP LATE, TO EAT THE
BREAD OF SORROWS, FOR HE GIVETH TO HIS BELOVED, SLEEPING.”—
(*Psalm cxxvii. 2. Literal Translation of German Version.*)

O WEARY child of God, so tempest-tossed,
Uncomforted and weeping,
Whose heart is yearning after treasure lost,
Yield up thy will—
Be still !
“He gives to His beloved, sleeping.”

Why murmurest thou o’er labours still unblest,
Sowing, but never reaping ?
Thy Lord hath said, “Who takes My yoke shall *rest* !”
And dost thou yet
Forget?—
“He gives to His beloved, sleeping.”

How many anxious cares thy soul oppress,
Wakeful thine eyelids keeping !
Early and late thou dost thyself distress :
’Tis all in vain :
Refrain !
“He gives to His beloved, sleeping.”

Does battle rage, and are the powers of hell
Thy garrison o'erleaping?
Seek not by strength to keep the citadel;
Victory, His own,
Alone :
"He gives to His belovèd, sleeping."

Who would not thus be guarded and caressed
In Jesus' tender keeping?
Sweet and unbroken is that loved one's rest,
"Until she please."
Such ease
"He gives to His belovèd, sleeping."

A Heart Melody.

"IN QUIETNESS AND IN CONFIDENCE SHALL BE YOUR STRENGTH."—(*Isaiah*
xxx. 15.)

"IN QUIETNESS, IN CONFIDENCE,"
A whispered soft refrain
Of just these two—these simple words
In oft-repeated strain,
Breathes o'er my heart's foreboding fears,
A rest from care and pain.

"IN QUIETNESS, IN CONFIDENCE ;"
What is the power that lies
Hidden beneath this melody,
Bidding my courage rise,
Chasing the gloom from darkest scenes,
The tears from weeping eyes ?

"IN QUIETNESS, IN CONFIDENCE ;"
It was the Master's word
That woke the echo in my heart ;
The still small voice I heard :
'Twas the same voice that fills all heaven
My inmost soul that stirred.

"IN QUIETNESS, IN CONFIDENCE ;"
No marvel it should thrill
My soul with rapture ; that its sound
My restless heart should still :
No storm so fierce, no waves so high,
But He can calm at will.

“ IN QUIETNESS, IN CONFIDENCE ; ”
My little whispered psalm
Still falls in sweet and holy power,
Like fragrant, soothing balm,
Hushing the heaving billows in
The Lord's own wondrous calm.

“For Jesus’ Sake.”

(2 Cor. iv. 5 ; xii. 10 ; 1 Peter ii. 13 ; Luke vi. 22.)

A MOTTO TEXT.

“For Jesus’ sake” all sin forgiven !
“For Jesus’ sake” sweet rest !
’Tis this glad word has wooed and won
My heart to love Him best.
His praise I sing, my Lord ! my King !
Who died my peace to make ;
And all the day, and all the way,
An echo in my heart shall say,
“For Jesus’ sake !”

“For Jesus’ sake !” These precious words
Shall be like pinions swift,
To waft my prayers through heaven’s gate,
And bear back many a gift.
Each answer free God sends to me,
Then joyfully I’ll take,
And all the day, and all the way,
An echo in my heart shall say,
“For Jesus’ sake !”

When often, like a wayward child,
I murmur at His will,
Then this sweet word, "For Jesus' sake,"
My restless heart can still.
I bow my head ; and, gently led,
His easy yoke I take ;
And all the day, and all the way,
An echo in my heart shall say,
"For Jesus' sake !"

In suffering sore, or toilsome task,
His burden light I'll bear ;
"For Jesus' sake" shall sweeten all,
Till His bright home I share ;
And then this song, more sweet, more strong,
In heaven my harp shall wake ;
Led all the way, till that glad day,
Eternally my heart shall say,
"For Jesus' sake !"

My Heart's Desire for Thee.

(*Colossians* i. 9-11.)

Oh, the dower of heavenly treasure
I would wish for thee to-day !
Oh, the endless, countless blessings
I would strew upon thy way !
Not the world with all its glories,
Nor the wealth that it can bring ;
But the truer, lasting riches
From the hand of heaven's King.

There are depths of bliss unfathomed,
There are heights of joy unknown,
There are pleasures unexhausted,
That may yet be all thine own.
I will lift my heart with longing
To the Golden Throne above ;
I will seek for thee from Jesus
All the fulness of His love.

So thy life shall pass in gladness ;
And thy daily path shall be
One of brighter, clearer shining,
As the Lord reveals to thee
All the secret of His presence,
With its wondrous light and love ;
Precious foretaste of the rapture
In the blessèd life above.

He Gave Himself!

"THE SON OF GOD, WHO LOVED ME, AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME,"—(*Galatians* ii. 20.)

HE "gave Himself for me;" oh, blessed word!
Oh, gift that has my deepest longings stirred
To yield myself to Him; henceforth to be
Entirely His who gave Himself for me!

His Life for me!—spent in this world of sin,
That He to God poor outcast souls might win;
His Life for me!—laid down in matchless love,
Now occupied for me in heaven above.

His Mind for me! His wisdom formed the plan
Whereby release was brought to guilty man.
His Will for me!—not slow to carry out
That plan whereby He frees from sin and doubt.

His Heart for me! Its life-blood freely shed
To save the sinner—suffering in his stead;
And still His Heart for me, to feel my grief,
To bear my burdens, and to give relief.

His Voice for me! He speaks that I may know
The One who pities—yea, who loves me so.
His Hands for me!—once pierced by cruel nail,
Now raised in prayer, lest my weak faith should fail.

His Feet for me!—that this world weary trod,
Now coming soon to take me home to God.
His Eye, His Ear, His Riches, all for me—
And all my own for all eternity!

“Well-Pleasing unto God.”

“ENOCH, BEFORE HIS TRANSLATION . . . HAD THIS WITNESS BORNE TO HIM, THAT HE HAD BEEN WELL-PLEASING UNTO GOD.”—(*Hebrews xi. 5, 6. R. V.*)

Who will to-day themselves enrol,
Seeking no lower aim or goal
Than this—to be in heart and soul
“Well-pleasing unto God?”

Some to please self alone would live;
More happy they who pleasure *give*;
Most happy they who strive to live
“Well-pleasing unto God.”

“How can I please Him?” dost thou say?
“How through the crowded, busy day
Can I pursue the heavenward way,
‘Well-pleasing’ be ‘to God?’”

THOU CANST; because He sees the heart,
And if He views it kept apart
From sin around it, then thou art
“Well-pleasing unto God.”

And if He sees each task is done
For JESUS, and for Him alone,
However mean, in heaven 'tis known
“Well-pleasing unto God.”

But recollect, we each one must
In Jesus' blood for cleansing trust,
Ere we can be—for He is just,—
 "Well-pleasing unto God."

Through good report and ill then we,
With conscience clear and spirit free,
Will seek in everything to be
 "Well-pleasing unto God."

And when this earthly race is run,
The labour o'er, the victory won,
Then we shall hear the Lord's *"Well done!"*
 "WELL-PLEASING UNTO GOD."

The Messenger.

"BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT HEARETH ME, WATCHING DAILY AT MY GATES, WAITING AT THE POSTS OF MY DOORS."—(*Proverbs* viii. 34.)

I STAND at His gate to-day,
I linger beside His door ;
'Twill not be in vain if I do but wait,
I have proved Him often before.
I am watching with eager eye,
Listening with open ear ;
For the Master's voice I must catch to-day,
Each word must be plain and clear.

For a message I have to bear ;
He told me I was to come—
That He had work for me to do,
To carry a message home.
I know not what it will be ;
Whether a simple word,
Or whether 'twill cost me toil and pain
To utter all I have heard.

But often 'tis happy work,
For His message is full of cheer ;
His words of comfort, of hope, of love,
Wipe away many a tear.
Sometimes 'tis a pardon free
To a rebel condemned to die ;
When my Lord says, "Loose him, and let him go,"
Oh, who has such joy as I !

Sometimes 'tis "Return!" "Return!"
To a child who has grieved Him sore;
And how sweet to hear the faltering tones,
"Can I ever grieve Him more?"
Or perhaps 'tis a warning voice;
Counsel both wise and true,
To one who stands in a slippery place,
Knowing not what to do.

And though some will not heed
The message I have to tell,
My Lord will know—for He told me so—
If I do my service well.
So I listen beside His gate,
And I hush my heart to hear;
For the Master's voice I must catch to-day,
And each word must be plain and clear.

God's Chosen Things.

"GOD HATH CHOSEN THE FOOLISH THINGS OF THE WORLD . . . AND THE WEAK THINGS . . . AND BASE THINGS . . . AND THINGS WHICH ARE DESPISED, HATH GOD CHOSEN."—(1 Cor. i. 27, 28.)

"O God, I am so weak,
So prone to faint and fall,
How shall I dare to speak?
Canst Thou give *me* this call?
"My child, it is the 'weak things' I must use;
For then no flesh shall glory: thee I choose."

But, Lord, so foolish too,
I know not what to say;
And even if I knew,
On my lips words die away.
"My child, 'tis 'foolish things' that I must use;
For then no flesh shall glory: thee I choose."

But then so base am I—
One moment serving Thee,
The next I may deny
The Lord who purchased me.
"I keep thee, child—e'en 'base things' I must use;
For then no flesh can glory: thee I choose."

But all around despise,
And scorn a word from me ;
They know I am not wise,
My nothingness they see.
“ My child, wilt thou not learn that I must use
Such things as are ‘ despised : ’ thus thee I choose.”

Teach me this lesson, Lord,
Teach me again, again !
Till on my heart Thy word,
Graven with iron pen,
Remain ; and thus contented, I may choose
To be weak, foolish, base, despised, that Thou may’st use.

"Closer to Thee."

"LET ME SEE THY COUNTENANCE, LET ME HEAR THY VOICE; FOR SWEET IS
THY VOICE, AND THY COUNTENANCE IS COMELY."—(*S. Song* ii. 14.)

CLOSER, dear Lord, to Thee,
Closer to Thee,
In sweet communion drawn,
Oh, let me be!
Earth's joys forgotten quite,
Whilst dwelling in the light,
Closer, dear Lord, to Thee,
Closer to Thee.

Oh, let no cloud of sin,
'Twixt me and Thee,
Aught of Thy brightness hide!
But let me be
Now on the mount's blest height,
Gazing on glory bright,
Till faith be lost in sight,
Closer to Thee.

So shall my walk below
Glorify Thee,
Till that glad moment come
When I shall see,
Not, through a darkening glass,
Glimpses of glory pass,
But view Thee face to face,
Closer to Thee.

Ruth ; or, The Satisfied Soul.

“THE LORD RECOMPENSE THY WORK, AND A FULL REWARD BE GIVEN THEE
OF THE LORD GOD OF ISRAEL, UNDER WHOSE WINGS THOU ART COME
TO TRUST.”—(*Ruth* ii. 12.)

I WAS a gleaner once Ruth ii. 2.

In fields belonging to a stranger-Lord ; ii. 3.

Many gleaned there in happiness and peace,

Fed by His hand and hanging on His word : ii. 4.

They were His purchased ones,

But I was all unknown. A journey long i. 7, 19.

Had brought me to that field, weary and lone, ii. 11.

Gathering a few chance ears amid the throng.

The Master met me there ; ii. 8, 13.

He spoke, He cheered ; “handfuls of purpose” fell ii. 16.

Close to my path, that I might have enough :

(Oh, blessèd those who near such fulness dwell !)

And soon I found true rest, iii. 1.

The joy, the bliss of lying at His feet ; iii. 14.

'Twas with a trembling, fearful heart I came, iii. 10, 11.

But once laid there I thought my joy complete.

Yet now I know new depths

Of blessedness and rest all unalloyed,

The peace of full redemption bought by Him, iv. 10, etc.

To be through all eternity enjoyed :

In conscious union now

With Christ my risen Lord, whose love and power

Are all on me bestowed in richest grace,

I live in sweet communion hour by hour.

The Opening Year.

"I REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD . . . I MUSE ON THE WORK OF THY HANDS."—(*Psalm cxliii. 5.*)

An opening Year before us
Lies in its shadowy dawn,
Let us pause awhile on the threshold,
Ere a veil o'er the past is drawn :
Remembering the Master's leading,
As we glance at the backward way,
Let us strengthen our hearts to serve Him,
In the Year we begin to-day.

To many the bygone Year
A "beginning of days" has been ;
New life, new joys, new hopes are theirs
In a new-found Saviour seen.
To *all* it has brought new mercies ;
From *all* let new praise arise ;
For even its bitterest sorrows
Have been blessings in disguise.

Some have been brought by sorrow
From wanderings far and wide,
To the Father's house and the Father's heart ;
And though some are still "outside,"
Yet for those let us still pray on,
And the Year which we now begin
May find perhaps at its close
Those stray ones gathered in.

Others the race have run,
Have borne the heat of the day,
Have finished their course, have kept the faith,
And the Master has called away.
We may miss the well-known form,
We may mark the vacant place,
But our hearts remember the "Coming One,"
And the meeting "face to face."

This may be the last New Year
That ever our eyes shall see;
For in it the Eternal Day
May dawn for both you and me.
Perhaps for me alone,
But perhaps together—all
Shall be gathered around the Throne
Ere this New Year's night shall fall.

Then lift up the weary heart,
For the hours are fleeting fast,
There is an end to the longest day,
A rest that will come at last.
On—till the fight is o'er—
In courage, and hope, and love!
We shall meet at the pearly gates
Of our fair bright Home above.

The Path of Faith.

"LORD, IF IT BE THOU, BID ME TO COME UNTO THEE ON THE WATER."—
(*Matthew* xiv. 28.)

IF it be Thou, my Lord,
Above the roar of the tempestuous sea,
Let but Thy voice be heard,
And I will venture forward "unto Thee."

"Forth unto Thee,"¹ my Lord,
Heeding not those who fain would hold me back ;
If I have but Thy word,
I can "go forward"² o'er the ocean's track.

Not that I have the strength
To plant one footstep on that raging wave ;
Much more to cross the length
That severs me from Thee : but THOU canst save.

Yes, Thou canst keep my feet
From sinking in the drifting, surging tide ;
And though the winds may beat,
Thy power shall bring me safely to Thy side.

Even if I should fail,
Through looking at my weakness, or around,
One faltering cry to Thee,
And in Thine arms I know I shall be found.

¹ Hebrews xiii. 13.

² Exodus xiv. 15.

“ Bid me to come ” then, Lord,
For love’s constraining power shall conquer fear,
And hope shall buoy me up,
And faith’s safe pathway soon shall bring me near.

Near to Thyself, my Lord,
Into Thy presence realized and sweet,
To gaze in rapturous joy,
To listen, learn, and worship at Thy feet.

What Seek Ye?

"SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD, AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS ; AND
ALL THESE THINGS SHALL BE ADDED UNTO YOU."—(*Matthew vi. 33.*)

SEEK ye first, not earthly pleasure,
Fading joy, and failing treasure,
But the love that knows no measure
 Seek ye first.

Seek ye first, not earth's aspirings,
Ceaseless longings, vain desirings,
But your precious soul's requirings
 Seek ye first.

Seek ye first God's peace and blessing ;
Ye have all if this possessing.
Come, your need and sin confessing,
 Seek Him first.

Seek Him first ; then, when forgiven,
Pardoned, made an heir of heaven,
Let your life to Him be given ;
 Seek this first.

Seek this first—Be pure and holy ;
Like the Master, meek and lowly ;
Yielded to His service wholly.
 Seek this first.

Seek the coming of His kingdom,
Seek the souls around, to win them,
Seek to Jesus Christ to bring them ;
 Seek this first.

Seek this first. His promise trying,
It is sure—all need supplying—
Heavenly things (on Him relying)
 Seek ye first.

Our Working-Day Song.

“WHATSOEVER THY HAND FINDETH TO DO, DO IT WITH THY MIGHT.”—(*Eccl.*
ix. 10.) “YE SERVE THE LORD CHRIST.”—(*Col.* iii. 24.)

We are toiling on, as hour by hour goes by ;
But our hearts are light, for Christ the Lord is nigh.
He is watching us with tender loving eye,
And our work is done for Him.
Our hands must toil ; but our hearts are free,
While our work is done, blessèd Lord, for Thee !

We remember how He trod the worker's way,
And in all things did His Father's will obey ;
So we murmur not, but follow day by day,
And our work is done for Him.
Our hands must toil ; but our hearts are free,
While our work is done, blessèd Lord, for Thee !

We will look to Him as One who knows our work,
We will trust His love, nor let suspicion lurk ;
He will give us grace no irksome task to shirk,
And our work is done for Him.
Our hands must toil ; but our hearts are free,
While our work is done, blessèd Lord, for Thee !

Our Sunday Hymn.

"IN THE SPIRIT ON THE LORD'S DAY."—(Rev. i. 10.)

Oh, joyous feast-day of the soul,
Again we hail thy dawn,
Sweet foretaste of the heavenly goal,
The resurrection morn !

Now leaving every anxious care,
From week-day labour freed,
We seek our spirits to prepare
That we may feast indeed ;

That we may sit at Christ's dear feet,
Remembering His grace ;
His love our wine, His word our meat,
As we His beauty trace.

And as He breaks to us the bread,
'Twill multiply for those
For whom a table too is spread
Of food His love bestows.

For those who, weary, faint, and poor,
Are seeking Him to-day,
May we with joy His welcome sure
To their sad hearts convey.

The Garden of the Lord.

“AWAKE, O NORTH WIND; AND COME, THOU SOUTH: BLOW UPON MY GARDEN, THAT THE SPICES THEREOF MAY FLOW OUT. LET MY BELOVED COME INTO HIS GARDEN, AND EAT HIS PLEASANT FRUITS.—
(*Song of Solomon* iv. 16.)

AFTER the cold north wind,
With its pitiless blast;
After the winter of rain
Is over and past;
Then, when the south wind blows
With its balmy air,
Open the fragrant flowers
In their beauty rare.

Would they have blossomed so sweet,
Or have borne such fruit,
Had not the wintry wind
Swept over each shoot,
Searching and scathing the boughs
With its blust'rous breath,
Deepening the hold of the root
In the ground beneath?

Many a blessing God sends
Like the windy storm;
Sickness, sorrow, and suffering,
His work perform;
Shall there not rise from the garden
That He has dressed,
Blossoms of faith and of patience,
Brightest and best?

Many a blessing God sends
Like a breeze from heaven,
Bringing us balm for the wound
Which in love was given ;
Shall not His tenderness also
Sweet fruit produce,
And the garden that He has dressed
Be meet for His use ?

Jesus will seek from our lips
And our lives, this year,
Blossoms and fruit in their season
His heart to cheer ;
Sunny south wind or tempest
Pruning the shoot,
Come as ye will, if the Master
Find but His pleasant fruit.

“Follow Me!”

“IF ANY MAN WILL COME AFTER ME, LET HIM DENY HIMSELF, AND TAKE UP HIS CROSS DAILY, AND FOLLOW ME.”—(*Luke ix. 23.*)

Oh, the mazes of the future,
Lying hidden from our gaze!
Are our hearts afraid to enter
On their unknown winding ways?
Let us then, like Christ's disciples
By the shores of Galilee,
All forsake, and, fully trusting,
Just obey His “FOLLOW ME!”

Oh, the rest of treading only
In the traces of His feet!
Oh, the blessedness of guidance
All perplexities to meet!
Through the maze of life's strange windings,
This our silken clue shall be:
They shall never err who listen
To the Saviour's “FOLLOW ME.”

'Tis a word of sweet example
For our busy working days;
For it tells of One who laboured,
Thirsting not for human praise;
Ever diligent in duty,
Yet from all self-seeking free:
Perfect Servant! Perfect Master!
Give us grace to “FOLLOW THEE.”

Let us keep in blest remembrance,
 'Mid the wants and woes of life,
That our Leader is no stranger
 To its loneliness and strife.
He has passed this way before us,
 To the Cross that makes us free ;
Now, through heaven's opened portals,
 Comes the Saviour's “FOLLOW ME.”

A Daily Desire.

"BE THOU IN THE FEAR OF THE LORD ALL THE DAY LONG."—(*Proverbs*
xxiii. 17.)

In the sweet fear of Jesus¹
May I begin the day ;
Fearful lest I should grieve Him,
Fearful lest I should stray ;
Fearful lest earthly longings
Ever my heart should share,
Taking the throne of Jesus,
Placing an idol there.

In the sweet fear of Jesus,
Tenderly, gently led,
Never disquieting terror,
Never tormenting dread ;
Only the fear which, cherished,
Yieldeth for weary days
Harvest of restful confidence,
Harvest of gladsome praise.

In the sweet fear of Jesus,
Then may I live this day ;
Serving or resting, always
Under its gentle sway.
All that I say directed,
All that I plan conceived,
With the remembrance present,
"Jesus must not be grieved."

¹ Suggested by a line of Gellert's "Evening Hymn."

In the sweet fear of Jesus
Dwelling the whole day long,
Promptly yielding obedience,
Patiently suffering wrong ;
Kept, till the evening closes,
Still by this strange, sweet fear,
Blent with the blessèd knowledge,
“ Jesus is ever near.”

Ready!

“BE YE ALSO READY: FOR IN SUCH AN HOUR AS YE THINK NOT THE SON OF MAN COMETH.”—(*Matt. xxiv. 44.*)

READY! Oh, are you ready
If the Lord should come to-day?
Are you sheltered under the sprinkled blood
That takes all sin away?
Or are you still fearing, doubting,
Lingering outside the door,
Which, when once He comes, will be closed to you,
If you enter not before?

READY! Oh, are you ready?
Christian, this speaks to you;
For the Lord's own child, though safe, may be
Ashamed to meet Him too.
Will He find you watching, praying,
In the day when He comes again?
Or are you asleep while others weep
For the sorrows and sins of men?

READY! Oh, are you ready?
For soon He may be here:
Will He find you loyal and true to Him,
Or cowardly and full of fear?
Will He find you enduring hardness,
As a faithful soldier must,
Content to tread where the Lord has led,
In a life of simple trust?

READY! Oh, are you ready
When the Lord shall call away?
No idol chaining you down to earth,
But ready to go to-day?
For it may be that He is coming
Before the evening fall;
But whether at noon or midnight,
Be ready when He shall call!

A Nail in a Sure Place.

"I WILL FASTEN HIM AS A NAIL IN A SURE PLACE . . . AND THEY SHALL HANG UPON HIM . . . ALL VESSELS OF SMALL QUANTITY, FROM THE VESSELS OF CUPS, EVEN TO ALL THE VESSELS OF FLAGONS."—(*Isaiah* xxii. 23, 24.)

A NAIL was fastened both firm and strong
In a place that was safe and sure,
And upon it was many a vessel hung,—
Flagon, and cup, and ewer.

Said a little cup, "How small am I,
So shabby, and mean, and black :
I fear I shall fall ; and then, though I try,
I never shall get put back."

"You need not fear," quoth a flagon great,
"A little thing like you :
But look at me, with my heavy weight ;
Of *me* might such fears be true."

Then another voice took up the cry,
And sighed, "Oh, if I were like
That golden cup that hangs so high,
No terror my heart need strike !"

But the golden cup gave the answer bold,

“ I never with fear need quail ;

But I keep up here *not because I'm gold,*

But because I hang on the nail.

“ If the nail should fall, then we all must go,

Whatever our strength may be ;

But as long as it keeps its place, I know

That secure and safe are we.”

A Worker's Dream of the Border Land.

'Tis over ! Life's pilgrimage story,
The burden and heat of the day ;
Before me lies nought but the glory,
Behind, all the toil of the way.

O weariness, farewell forever !
Now "the lame one shall leap as an hart ;"
Disappointment and sorrow shall never
Again fling their anguishing dart.

For tears shall be wiped from all faces,
And joy be the portion of each ;
Of sickness and pain are no traces,
For death is now far out of reach.

Set free from the grasp of temptation,
From the sin which dominion hath sought,
I conquer through much tribulation,
For Jesus my triumph hath bought.

The gates of the city are nearing,
The glory has dazzled my sight,
And voices are now within hearing
Last heard in earth's shadowy night.

My loved ones, my children, are waiting,
Sweet fruit of my toil—"gone before,"
And they stand at the gates with a greeting,
A welcome to last evermore.

And yet there is melody higher
Than their out-gushing language of love,
A song of which saints never tire,
To be sung in the mansions above.

The rapture—oh, how shall I tell it !
Unspeakable, glorious, divine !
A rapture with nought to dispel it,
A bliss through eternity mine !

I shall kiss the dear feet of the Master,
Behold the fair face of the King ;
O chariot wheels, speed me faster !
O angels, be fleetest of wing !

Press on, till in deep adoration
I mingle my voice with the strain ;
"Praise, honour, thanksgiving, salvation,
Be unto the Lamb that was slain."

Onward!

"LET PATIENCE HAVE HER PERFECT WORK."—(*James i. 4.*)

Oh, lose not courage, weary heart!
Forth to the work anew!
Through tears and toil the Master trod :
So must His servants true.
'Tis those who sow the seed, and weep,
Who He has said shall doubtless reap.

Oh, lose not patience, weary heart!
Tangled life's web may seem ;
But thread by thread the Master's hand
Unravels what we deem
Inextricable : then we see
How skilled a guide that Hand must be.

And so in faith we day by day
Take both the toil and pain,
Knowing the work and warfare each
Shall end in heavenly gain,
And those who have through patience won,
Shall hear the Master's word, "Well done!"

Wilderness Rest.

"WHO IS THIS THAT COMETH UP FROM THE WILDERNESS, LEANING UPON
HER BELOVED."—(*Song of Solomon* viii. 5.)

ONLY just to rest upon His bosom,
Only just to lean upon His arm !
Calm from all the fretting and impatience,
Safe and confident from fear of harm.

'Tis no effort I can make will bring me
To this place of sweet and blessed rest ;
But He holds me, keeps me there forever,
Folded closely down upon His breast ;

Carries me o'er mountain, hill, and valley,
Through the wilderness so long and drear :
And, although the path be steep and rugged,
Stayed upon Him what have I to fear ?

What though round me all is scorched and thirsty !
He is the "shadow in a weary land ;"
Why should I care for "windy storm and tempest,"
When in the "Hiding-place" secure I stand ?

Then, O my heart, why bodeest thou of sorrow ?
The "everlasting arms" are round thee clasped ;
Jesus shall keep thee till that glad to-morrow,
When thou shalt stand with Him "at home" at last.

“He Faileth Not.”

(See *Zephaniah* iii. 5.)

O PRECIOUS truth for human need,
For souls that faint, for hearts that bleed,
God will to their assistance speed,
“HE faileth not !”

Take courage, doubting one, and prove
How true this promise of His love ;
Through each day's trials look above,
“HE faileth not.”

Kinsfolk and friend far off may be,
Sorrows untold may compass thee,
No earthly refuge thou mayst see—
“HE faileth not.”

Wait thou for Him, nor vainly try
On Egypt's horses swift¹ to fly,
His aid is sure—on Him rely,
“HE faileth not.”

Did He not send the Saviour down
To make this blessed secret known,
To show the sick, the sad, the lone,
“HE faileth not ?”

¹ *Isa.* xxx. 15-18 ; xxxi. 1-3.

Gaze on that wondrous Life and see
God's Heart of Love revealed to thee
From Bethlehem to Calvary—
 "HE faileth not."

Gaze on the Cross, see Christ fulfil
Through shame and death the Father's will;
Thy soul to save—sweet pledge that still
 "HE faileth not."

Then bring to God thy sin and woe,
Pardon and strength He will bestow,
By blest experience thou shalt know
 "HE faileth not."

The Heart's Hunger.*QUESTION I.*

OH, longing desires, will ye ever be wholly stilled ?
Will the restless beat of this heart be ever at peace ?
Will the soul, now so hungry, ever be fully filled,
And the yearning for joys denied to me ever cease ?

If only the hand could reach that which looks so fair !
If only the lips could touch that which seems so sweet !
But the light I follow but lures me to dark despair,
Eluding my grasp be never my steps so fleet !

THE ANSWER.

THE longings of earth, oh, they never would fill the soul,
Though granted and meted with measure o'erflowing and
free !

Let one who has tasted unfettered by aught of control
Now speak, and his answer suffice forever to thee.

“ I said in my heart I will prove thee with joy and mirth,¹
With pleasure and laughter, with music, and song, and
wine ;

Whatever my eyes desire of the joys of earth,²
Whatever my fancy craves it shall now be mine.

“ Then laughter and love in luxury's lap combined
To lull my longings in ravishing dreamy bliss ;
I slumbered, it seemed but a moment, then waked to find
My vision had vanished, and years had been lost for this.³

¹ Eccles. ii. 1.² Eccles. ii. 10.³ Eccles. vii. 6 ; Prov. xiv. 13.

“‘Vexation of spirit, and labour and toil in vain,’
 Was written on all my joy ; and I hated life :¹
 No rest for my heart had I ; but a weary pain,²
 And a seeking that seemed to be but an endless strife.

“Then I turned away, and I roused myself to seek
 A portion to fill my soul, in ambition’s aim :
 I would be great, and all men of me should speak ;³
 I would be mighty, and make myself a name.

“Then treasure of gold I gathered from far and near,⁴
 Then palaces builded, and gardens and vineyards grew,
 Till mighty in power and wealth I had no compeer,
 Till all the world of Solomon’s riches knew.⁵

“And with higher and nobler objects I sought to fill
 The void in my soul still left—the unquenched thirst ;
 In wisdom, in honour, in knowledge I gloried,⁶ till
 A breath of keen censure blew, and the bubble burst.

“‘Vexation of spirit, and labour and toil in vain,’
 Was written on all my work ; and I hated life :
 No rest for my heart had I—but a weary pain,
 And a seeking that seemed to be but an empty strife.⁷

“Yes, the rivers had run all into the sea of my heart,⁸
 And yet the ocean was never the nearer filled ;
 The eye had seen and the ear had heard their part,⁹
 But the restless, surging beat had never been stilled.”

¹ Eccles. ii. 11, 17.² ii. 23.³ ii. 4.⁴ ii. 4-8. ⁵ ii. 9 ; i. 16.⁶ i. 13 ; ii. 21.

ii. 17, 18, 20.

⁸ i. 7.⁹ i. 9 ; v. 10, 11.

- " 'Tis the human heart of Jesus
 In the light of Godhead seen,
 Heart that suffered, heart that sorrowed,
 Now the place where I may lean :
 Safer shelter, surer refuge,
 Sweeter home, has never been !
- Prov. viii. 22-31.
 John xx. 27, 28.
 Song of Sol. viii. 5.
 John xiii. 23.
 Prov. xviii. 10.
 Prov. xiv. 26.
 Song of Sol. ii. 14.
 Psalm xci. 9, 10.
- " God in Christ has come to meet me ;
 He has stooped from His high throne,
 He has taken human nature,
 He has made my cause His own ;
 He has pitied, He has loved me,
 He has died for sin t' atone.
- Prov. xxx. 4.
 Exodus xxv. 22.
 Prov. xvii. 17.
 Phil. ii. 6-8.
 Prov. viii. 31.
 Eph. iii. 19 ; v. 2.
 Prov. viii. 35 ; xiv. 25.
 Acts xx. 28.
- " Ah ! my eyes can see new beauty
 As the God-Man stands revealed,
 And His heart that once was riven
 Melts my heart that once was sealed,
 And my wounds of sin and sorrow
 By His wounded side are healed.
- Song of Sol. v. 9-16.
 Rev. i. 13-17.
 Song of Sol. iv. 9.
 John xix. 34.
 Prov. xxiii. 26.
 Acts ix. 4-6.
 Isa. i. 6.
 Prov. iii. 18.
- " He is chief among ten thousand,
 None His Kingship can contend ;
 He is peerless, He is matchless,
 His perfections have no end !
 He is altogether lovely,
 My Belovèd and my Friend !
- Song of Sol. v. 10.
 Rev. v. 12, 13.
 Prov. iii. 15.
 Phil. ii. 9.
 Song of Sol. v. 16.
 1 Peter ii. 7.

“ Yet the world refused to own Him,
Of His beauty nothing guessed ;
Heeded not His tender pity,
Spurned Him when He would have blessed ;
Crucified the Lord of glory
When He came to give it rest !

Eccles ix. 15, 16 ; Isa.
liii. 2 ; John i. 10, 11.

“ So the world no longer charms me
With its baubles and its toys ;
I can leave them all forgotten
As I drink of deeper joys :
JESUS crucified and risen
All their witching spell destroys.

Prov. viii. 18-21.
1 Peter iv. 3.

Prov. xix. 23.
Gal. vi. 14.

“ I have found a new ambition,
ONE to live for, ONE to please :
Motive-power all toil ennobling,
Love that from self-seeking frees ;
Service which is never irksome,
Labour which is truest ease.

Prov. xvi. 15, 16.
2 Cor. v. 15.

“ So I walk a pilgrim-stranger
Through the world that loved Him not :
If it hate me, like my Master,
Need I murmur at my lot,
While I know my humblest service
Ne'er will be by Him forgot ?

Prov. xv. 16.
1 Peter iv. 12-14.
Heb. xi. 13.

“And He loves me, this sweet Saviour,

With a changeless love and true ;

Song of Sol. viii. 6, 7.
John xiii. 1; Rev. i. 5.

Saves me, keeps me, guards me, guides me,

All the desert journey through ;

Prov. xxx. 5.
Heb. xiii. 5.

And the fellowship of heaven

Gilds my way with beauty new.

Prov. iv. 18.
1 John i. 3.

“ Thus with gladsomeness of childhood

Is my daily pathway trod,

Prov. iii. 17.
Matt. xi. 29.

And with childhood's unsuspcion

Now no evil I forebode,

Prov. xxix. 25.
2 Tim. i. 12.

But like rest on mother's bosom

Is my inward peace with God."

Prov. iii. 24-26.
Phil. iv. 7.

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